

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 61

“Of course!” Sonia nodded with a smile before looking at Tina. “Thank you, Miss Gray. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have so many benefits.”

Silently, Tina chewed on her bottom lip.

Slinging an arm around Tina’s waist, Toby said, “Let’s go.”

“Safe travels, President Fuller and Miss Gray! I’ll see you in Seafield!” Sonia waved them off with a grin.

Gloomily, they left.

After shutting the door behind them, Charles came back quickly. “That was amazing, baby. You cheated him out of Ocean’s Heart, and now you’ve cheated him out of a whole port and a plot of land. They looked so upset when they left. I was tickled to death!”

Picking up a glass of water by her bed, Sonia took a sip using a straw before answering, “Well, it’d be a waste if I didn’t take the chance when they were offering it to me.”

“That’s true.” After a chuckle, he looked at her seriously. “But are we really dropping this matter?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “We could send Tina to prison but there’s no need for that, and Toby’s right—actually doing that would exacerbate the situation between the Gray Family and Paradigm Co. Out of desperation, the Gray Family would try to crush Paradigm Co.”

Currently, Paradigm Co. was still too small to be the Gray Family’s opponent.

Thus, she absolutely could not go head-to-head with them.

Seeing the logic in that, he fiddled with his phone absent-mindedly before saying, "What a pity! But it's a good thing that we at least got a lot out of it. Especially that plot of land. Titus would no doubt hit the ceiling if he found out about it."

At his description, she couldn't help laughing. "I heard from the grapevine a long time ago that he intends to build villas in Seafield because he wants to create the first villa district there. Now that we've taken his villa district away, he will no doubt feel the loss."

Gleefully, Charles gloated with his arms spread wide open, "Serves him right for having a daughter who harms her own father and her own fiancé!"

Harms her own father and her own fiancé?

If Sonia thought about it, it was indeed true. Previously, Tina's attempt to slander her ended up costing Titus his carefully prepared banquet to celebrate her recovery and Toby his carefully selected Ocean's Heart necklace.

Now, Tina caused Sonia to fall and it cost Toby a trade port and Titus a plot of land. With all the losses they were suffering, how could Tina's actions be described other than actively harming her father and her fiancé?

At the thought, Sonia tutted, suddenly feeling pity for Titus and Toby.

"By the way, baby—" Charles leaned in close as he murmured, "—what do you intend to do with that plot of land?"

Expressionlessly, she lifted a hand and pushed his face away from hers. "Build a factory. Paradigm Co. needs its own factory as well. We can't keep working with other companies to produce our goods."

She had yet to forget how impolitely Mr. King and the others had treated her at Sakura Heights, as well as how difficult they had made things for her.

It was not an experience she was keen to repeat, nor did she want to keep knocking on doors just to find someone to produce her goods.

“Very smart to think in the long run, baby. Not bad. I support you.” He patted her shoulder.

“Thank you,” she answered with a smile, permitting him the rare opportunity to keep his hand on her shoulder.

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The next day, they returned to Seafield.

The moment Sonia got off the plane, she hurried to Paradigm Co. to meet with Ryan.

As he sat down in front of her desk in her office, he gave the bandage on her head a surprised look, saying, “What happened, President Reed?”

As she felt the wound on her head, her eyes flashed coldly. However, a moment later, she placed a cup of coffee in front of him and answered with a smile, “A rat attacked me.”

“I see.” Ryan dropped the topic with a faint smile.

After receiving the document that Daphne handed her, Sonia began, “Here is Continental Co.’s acquisition contract, President Drew. Please go over it and let me know if any revisions are needed.”

She placed the contract on the table, thereafter turning it around and pushing it toward him.

Ryan then flipped through it. Only when he reached the end and saw the part stating that Paradigm Co. would neither interfere with Continental Co.’s internal affairs nor change the company name did he nod with satisfaction. “It looks fine to me.”

Reassured, she smiled before uncapping a fountain pen and handing it to him. “If that’s the case, please sign here, President

Drew. The finance department will have the funds put into your account within half an hour.”

Humming his agreement, Ryan took the pen and signed his name on the appropriate line.

From then on, Continental Co. would be a subsidiary of Paradigm Co.

Flipping the contract shut, Sonia handed it back to Daphne and said, “Keep it safe.”

“Yes, President Reed.” With the contract in hand, Daphne left the office.

Finally, Sonia stood. “It’s getting late, President Drew. How about I treat you to lunch?”

Waving his hand, Ryan rejected her offer and said, “I’ll take a rain check. I have an appointment elsewhere.”

Of course, Sonia didn’t push him and only saw him off at the elevator before returning to her office.

Right then, her internal telephone line rang.

Letting go of her computer mouse, she picked up her landline receiver. “Hello?”

At the other end of the line, Daphne spoke up. “Someone from the Fuller Group is here, President Reed. He says he’s here to deliver a land deed. Do you want to see him?”

Slowly, Sonia smiled. “Of course. Why wouldn’t I? Whom did they send?”

She never thought Toby would be so proactive as to send someone over with the deed the moment she returned.

“President Fuller’s assistant, Tom Brown.”

“Send him in.”

After hanging up the phone, she looked at the door.

Very quickly, the door opened and Daphne led Tom in.

"Miss Reed," he greeted politely as he stood in front of her desk.

With a smile, she pointed at a chair. "Please sit, Mr. Brown. Daphne, please fetch a cup of coffee for Mr. Brown."

"Of course," Daphne answered, very quickly going to pour a cup of coffee and returning.

After thanking her, Tom pulled out a chair and sat down before handing two documents to Sonia. "One of these is a document transferring a trade port to your name, Miss Reed. The other is a title deed for a plot of land in the city center. Please have a look."

"Of course. Please wait for a moment. I'll be done soon."

With that, she opened one of the documents and began reading in earnest.

Sitting opposite her, Tom surreptitiously took measure of her and was surprised by what he saw.

Who could have expected that she would change so drastically in such a short amount of time? It was as if she was a brand new person and was much more dazzling than before while Miss Gray, whom he previously thought to be good and kind, was becoming more and more sinister and diabolical.

How astonishing!

Meanwhile, Sonia could feel Ryan's stare but she paid it no mind and only quietly finished reading the two documents.

When she was done, she flipped the documents shut. "Mr. Brown."

"Hmm?" Caught off-guard, Tom was pulled back to the present and pushed his glasses up his nose. "Sorry, Miss Reed, but did you say something?"

With a nod and a smile, Sonia told him, "I've finished reading the two documents. Thank you for bringing them here and please pass on my thanks to President Fuller as well."

"I will. I'll take my leave now." With that, he stood and bid goodbye.

Looking toward her own assistant, Sonia said, "Daphne, see Mr. Brown out."

"Right this way, Mr. Brown." With a gesture, Daphne led Mr. Brown out.

When she returned, she was surrounded by her coworkers.

"Was that President Fuller's assistant, Daphne? Why did he come here? Was he looking for President Reed?"

"Surely President Fuller can't be sending President Reed something. It was mangoes previously; what could it be now?"

"You know, they're divorced but they're still in contact with each other so frequently. You don't think they could be thinking of remarrying, could they?"

At their gossip, Daphne spread her arms and answered helplessly, "How would I know? Alright, that's enough. You should gossip less about your superiors. Go back to work, or you'll be screwed when President Reed comes out to do her rounds."

The moment they heard that, they quickly dispersed and fled the scene.

As for Daphne, she returned to Sonia's office. "I've seen Mr. Brown off, President Reed."

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Currently, Sonia was standing in front of the printer and photocopying the deed as well as the transfer document. Since

she had a moment, she answered Daphne, “Got it. Have the completed documents on the desk sent out and when Charles drops by in the afternoon, let me know.”

“Of course.” Daphne went over to the desk and took the stack of documents.

After Sonia finished her photocopying, she returned to her desk and sat down, thereafter arranging the photocopies properly so that she could staple them together. As for the originals, she was prepared to store them in the safe.

All of a sudden, she thought of something and something flashed across her eyes. Pulling out her cell phone, she took pictures of the original deed and posted them onto the internet with the caption, ‘Thank you to President Fuller for this excellent piece of land!’

Following that, she added the social media handles of both Toby and Triforce Enterprise. There was no doubt Titus would be apoplectic with rage when he saw it.

At the end of the day, Tina’s attitude was a reflection of his parenting and he ought to take a bit of responsibility for her actions as well.

At the thought, Sonia let out a small smile. It was time she gave credit where it was due.

Right then, her cell phone rang.

When she lowered her head to look at the caller ID, she discovered that it was a call from Carl. Without hesitation, she put the phone to her ear, answering, “Carl.”

“Sonia.” From the other end of the line, Carl’s low, magnetic voice passed through her eardrums. It was extremely pleasant to listen to.

The sound made her ear itch slightly and she couldn’t help shrinking her neck as she said, “Are you finished with work? How is it that you have time to call me?”

“Not yet. I just finished posing for a set of magazines and I’m on break right now. Since I had nothing better to do, I went through my activity feed. I never thought I would come across what you just posted. What does your post mean, Sonia? Did Toby give you a plot of land?” Carl asked, to which Sonia answered in the affirmative as she leaned back in her chair.

However, he frowned slightly. “Why would he give you a plot of land? Are you thinking about—”

“Watch where you’re going with this.” The moment she heard his tone, she knew he had misunderstood. Feeling both amused and exasperated, she explained, “It’s actually recompense on Tina’s behalf.”

“Recompense?” At first, he was startled and his expression darkened quite a bit, “Did Tina hurt you, Sonia?”

Rubbing the bridge of her nose, she answered with a sigh, “She did. I never thought she could be so bold.”

With that, she gave a simple retelling of the events at the resort.

Upon hearing the whole story, Carl tightened his grip around his cell phone and his gaze was murderous. “How are you now?”

Though his expression was ice cold, his voice was filled with care and concern.

Therefore, she didn’t realize that anything was wrong and only answered with a warmed heart, “I’m fine. I have a slight concussion, but I’ll be fully healed within a few days.”

“Good.” The corners of his lips curved downward. “Alright, I have to get back to work. Talk to you later, Sonia.”

“Alright.” She nodded. “Work hard. Bye!”

“Bye!” After hanging up the phone, Carl sent out a text message expressionlessly. ‘There’s something I need you to do...’

Very quickly, the person on the other end replied, ‘Roger that!’

As Carl looked down at his wallpaper of Sonia's smiling visage on his phone, he ran his thumb lightly across the image. However, his face was no longer as gentle as it previously was. Instead, it seemed slightly hostile.

He used to live in darkness. It took a lot for a ray of light to appear in his life, and whoever harmed that light would have to pay the price.

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Meanwhile at Triforce Enterprise, Titus was in a meeting with a few shareholders and senior managers, discussing the development matters concerning the first villa district. Suddenly, his assistant pushed open the meeting room door and exclaimed, "Something bad has happened, President Gray!"

Seeing how grave the assistant looked, Titus could only pause the meeting and ask, "What happened?"

Of course, the assistant didn't announce the news to everyone and instead sidled up to Titus' side to whisper into his ear.

Instantly, Titus' expression changed drastically. "Are you sure?"

"Positive." The assistant nodded multiple times.

At once, Titus' face turned red and he slapped his hand on the table, shouting, "How dare she?"

How dare she not only snatch away the piece of land that he was intending to develop into the city's first villa district but even include his social media handle?

Clearly, she was trying to provoke and humiliate him!

Seeing the rage on his face, one of the senior managers asked curiously, "What's the matter, President Gray?"

Taking a deep breath, Titus quelled the rage in his heart and answered with a neutral expression, "Nothing, but the meeting has to be put on hold for now. Dismissed!"

With that, he spun on his heel and left the conference room.

On the way out, he called Toby and as soon as the call connected, Titus asked, “Did you give the plot of land in the city center to your ex-wife, Toby?”

Currently, Toby was at the club under Zane’s invitation.

The room was a little noisy and he couldn’t hear clearly, so he stood up and headed out onto the balcony before replying, “Did Tina tell you?”

Titus’ eyes widened when he heard that. “What? Tina knows as well?”

Toby hummed and nodded.

“What happened to the both of you?” The more Titus heard, the more muddled he became. With dissatisfaction written all over his face, he questioned, “Why would you give the land to Sonia? She posted the deed on the internet and tagged me, acting like she’s showing off by actually laughing at me. Do you know about this?”

Who in the large city didn’t know he had his eye on that plot of land?

With Sonia’s actions, there was no saying whether the people in their circle were laughing at him!

Meanwhile, Toby narrowed his eyes as he mused, Has Sonia really posted the land deed online?

“Are you still there, Toby?” Titus asked in a louder voice.

Jolted back to the present, Toby parted his lips to say, “Yes. I’m sorry, Titus. I didn’t know Sonia would do that.”

Disgruntled, Titus snorted. “Alright. Why did you give her that land, then? Are you still in love with her? I warn you, Toby—don’t have any thoughts that you shouldn’t be having. You and Tina are the actual couple, and you’re formalizing the engagement at the end of the year!”

For some reason, that thought always left Toby feeling inexplicably conflicted.

Nonetheless, he didn't look into it too deeply, only chalking it up to his recent tiredness and pinching the bridge of his nose before answering in a low voice, "I know. I don't have any intentions toward Sonia. In fact, I gave her that land because of Tina. Tina was the one who nearly made a grievous error, Titus."

"Oh?" Titus immediately became stern. "Tell me what happened."

"She poured some body wash outside Sonia's shower door and it nearly cost Sonia her life. Sonia saw right through her and threatened to have her sent to prison. I only managed to smooth things over by offering a trade port and that piece of land in exchange," Toby answered concisely.

Meanwhile, Titus listened with his mouth agape. For a long time, he couldn't say anything and only after a long moment did he answer, "I see. I'm so sorry for the trouble it caused you, Toby."

"It's fine, but I hope you can have a chat with Tina to prevent such things from happening in the future. I can clean up after her once but not for a lifetime, understand?" Toby answered coldly with an inscrutable expression in his eyes.

Naturally, Titus could hear the warning in the other man's tone and he understood it too. It dawned on him that Toby was expressing dissatisfaction in Tina.

That was to say, Tina was always a kind person in his heart, and it was both shocking and disappointing to him that she would do such a thing. Otherwise, he wouldn't be saying that.

It was clear that he would part ways with Tina if she ever did anything like that again in the future. After all, what man would want a wife with such twisted intentions? He might get stabbed to death in his sleep one day.

"Alright. Rest assured, Toby—I'll be having a chat with her," Titus was quick to reassure him.

Following that, Titus hung up the phone and, with a thunderous expression, informed his assistant, "Get the car ready. We're heading home!"

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After half an hour, Titus reached home. The butler came up to greet him and he handed his coat over, asking, "Are Miss and Mrs. Gray home?"

"They're in Miss Gray's room, sir," the butler answered after draping the coat over his arm.

After a hum of understanding, Titus headed toward the staircase.

Meanwhile in the room upstairs, Julia and Tina were sitting at the foot of the bed flipping through a photo album together. Pointing at a picture of herself, Tina asked, "Do you remember this photo, Mom?"

Fondly stroking her daughter's long hair, Julia replied, "Of course I do. You were six when we took this picture. You liked playing hide-and-seek that year and no matter how hard I looked, I couldn't find you. I was so scared that I lost you, but it turned out that you fell asleep hiding in the attic."

"I remember. When I woke up, I came down from the attic by myself to find you crying. You had even lodged a police report," Tina recalled.

The smile on Julia's face faded and there was a touch of hatred in the bottom of her eyes. How could she not cry out of panic and file a police report when she couldn't find her child? At the time, she even thought Henry had kidnapped Tina. It was a good thing that it turned out to be a false scare in the end.

Presently, Tina flipped a page. All of a sudden, a yellowed photograph fluttered out of the photo album and landed on the floor. She bent down to pick it up. There was an infant of a few

months old in the photograph. The baby was smiling widely and looked adorable, and a single glance would endear anyone to it.

However, for some reason, Tina did not like this baby at all. In fact, she disliked and even hated this baby a little. Nevertheless, she didn't show it and only handed the photograph to her mother, asking with a smile, "Is this Rina?"

Stroking her fingers over the little girl in the photograph, Julia nodded with her eyes wet. "Yes. This is your sister, Rina."

When Tina saw how much Julia missed the infant in the photograph, she couldn't help feeling jealous. And so, she put the photograph back and tucked it into the photo album. Following that, she looped her arm around her mother's and leaned her head against her shoulder, saying fondly, "You know, Mom, you get upset every time we bring her up, so we shouldn't bring her up anymore. I don't think she'd want you to be sad, either."

It was strange how even a dead person dared to vie for her mother's attention. There was no way she was letting that happen!

"Alright, alright. We won't bring her up," Julia answered fondly, unaware of her younger daughter's motives and wrongly assuming that Tina was concerned about her.

Right then, the room door flew open and Titus walked in with a thunderous expression. Being the first to discover him, Tina let go of her mother to wave. "Hi, Dad."

However, he only gave her an indifferent glance without responding. Instantly, her expression froze and she chewed on her lip sadly before asking, "Did I do something wrong, Dad?"

"Yes, honey." Julia gave her husband a dissatisfied glance. "Why are you treating Tina so coldly? She didn't do anything to you."

"Who says she didn't? Ask her what she's done now!" he accused, pointing a finger at Tina.

Immediately, Julia looked at her. However, Tina was similarly befuddled.

Seeing that she truly didn't understand, Titus didn't bother dragging the moment out and only continued coldly, "I know what you did to Sonia at the resort."

Instantly, her eyes flashed guiltily. "How did you find out about it?"

"How did I find out about it?" He harrumphed. "She rubbed that piece of land in my face on the internet. How could I not find out about it? If you were going to get up to something, could you not have been less careless so she wouldn't catch you in the act? Now, we're forced to give up the land. I swear..." He trailed off, too angry to continue.

Knowing she had done wrong, Tina lowered her head.

Heartbroken at the sight, Julia wrapped her arms around her daughter and grumbled at her husband, "That's enough. It's just a plot of land. Why do you need to scold her so fiercely?"

Just a plot of land? Titus was so incensed by Julia's words that he started trembling. "Do you know how important that piece of land is to us? We've already invested in it and were only waiting for Toby to hand us the deed to start work. Now, the land is gone and all the projects have to be halted. We cannot afford the losses!"

These few years, Triforce Enterprise was already on a downhill road. That was why he thought of developing a villa district to restore the enterprise to its former glory. But now, it was all for naught.

Not understanding market conditions, Tina didn't realize how great the issue was and only stood to inform him leisurely, "Toby has promised the Berthull land to you."

Titus nearly passed out with rage. "And what can the Berthull land be used for? It's out in the middle of nowhere. Who would buy the villas I built there? If I'm unable to sell the villas, we'll still have to take the losses!"

It's that serious? Finally, Tina started to panic. "Dad..."

"Don't call me 'Dad'!" Titus snapped hurtfully. "You keep going after her and you keep letting her catch you in the act and get the

upper hand. Now, you've truly pushed Triforce Enterprise to the brink. I can't believe you're so stupid. You're truly not my real—"

"Honey!" Julia interrupted with a pale face.

Only then did he realize that he nearly misspoke and closed his mouth in time. After a moment, he reopened it. "At any rate, you'd better concentrate on Toby for the time being and leave Sonia to me. You're not allowed to go after her and let her catch you in the act again. Do you understand me?"

Lowering her eyes, Tina answered, "Yes."

Without saying anything further, Titus turned and left. After he did, Tina grabbed her mother's hand. "Mom, what did he mean by what he said? Not his real what?"

Something inside her was telling her that she needed to get things cleared up. Otherwise, there was no way she could bear it.

However, Julia's eyes flashed and she rearranged her expression and tidied Tina's hair with a smile. "Nothing," she murmured. "He didn't know what he was saying. Don't mind him. Alright, you'd better get some rest. Don't you have to go out for dinner with Toby tonight? I'll go and calm your dad down." And with that, she left.

With dark and inscrutable eyes, Tina watched the door. If her mother wasn't willing to tell her, she would investigate on her own. She would definitely find something. As for Sonia, she might be so lucky as to escape death the first time, but she wouldn't be so lucky the second time!

...

At Paradigm Co., Charles and Sonia had only just finished their meeting and stepped out of the conference room when Daphne stepped in front of them.

After sneaking a glance at Charles and concealing the affection in her eyes, she reported to Sonia seriously, "Triforce Enterprise just called, President Reed. President Gray wants to see you."

"Titus Gray wants to see me?" Sonia lifted an eyebrow.

“Yes. He’s already on his way here.”

With a sneer, Charles remarked, “He’s not even giving you a chance to refuse to see him, baby. By the way, Daphne, did he mention why he wanted to meet?”

“No,” Daphne answered with a shake of her head. Her voice was slightly gentler than when she spoke to Sonia, but neither of the other two noticed.

Instead, Sonia simply nodded. “If that’s the case, we might as well see him. Go and make some tea, Daphne.”

“Of course.” Daphne nodded.

Following that, Charles and Sonia headed back toward Sonia’s office. On the way, Charles stroked his chin in thought. “You don’t think he could be coming to you over that piece of land, could he?”

“He must be. I can’t think of another reason.” Sonia opened the door to the office.

Stepping inside, he shut the door after them. “I imagine he wants the land back.”

Sonia laughed and right as she was about to reply, Daphne pushed open the door a crack and poked her head in. “President Reed and President Lane—President Gray is here.”

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“He arrived pretty quickly.” Charles spun his chair around with a lazy look on his face.

Closing the document in her hand and setting it aside, Sonia said, “Let him in.”

“Of course,” Daphne answered.

Very quickly, Titus entered the room, thereupon he gave Sonia a sharp stare.

As she was already used to such workplace clashes, Sonia was unbothered and only offered him a faint smile as she gestured at the seat in front of her. "Please have a seat, President Gray."

"You sure look calm!" he snarled, almost in praise, before pulling out the chair and sitting opposite her.

Meanwhile, Charles sat by her side. With that, she pushed the tea that she had Daphne make gently over to Titus and said, "Thank you for your praise, President Gray. Please have some tea."

Having no intention of drinking it at all, he merely looked down at the tea before him. Nonetheless, she didn't mind and only set her hands on the table with her fingers intertwined. "I figure you must have a purpose for coming to Paradigm. Co. today."

"Since you're asking, I might as well say it straight. I'm taking back the piece of land in the center of the city." Titus stared closely at her.

After exchanging glances with Charles out of the corner of her eye, she returned her gaze to Titus with a smile. "Take it back? I'm afraid that's not possible. After all, it has been transferred and wholly belongs to me now. It's not yours, so how could you take it back?"

Realizing that he had misspoken, he amended his sentence. "You misunderstood me. When I say 'take,' I don't mean it literally. I wish to buy it back." Even so, he fumed a little. After all, he could have gotten this land for free, but Tina's actions resulted in him having to spend money on it. This made him very frustrated.

"Ah, I see. I had, in fact, misunderstood you." Tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear, she continued, "In that case, how much are you prepared to spend on it?"

"I'm not one to beat around the bush. 100 million," he proposed, lifting up one finger as he stared at her.

However, Charles rolled his eyes and couldn't help but reply, "Do you really think you can buy back a plot of land in the city center

with 100 million? Are you joking or is Triforce Enterprise so broke that it can't afford to spend some money?"

Hearing the insults directed at him, Titus scowled. "Be careful I don't sue you for slander, President Lane."

Of course, Charles wasn't afraid of idle threats and only curled his bottom lip. "Am I wrong? Why else would you offer only 100 million? Or do you think we're simply not worth it?"

Sonia picked up her own cup of tea and gently took a sip before saying with a smile, "I agree with Charles, President Gray. 100 million is too little!"

Since Titus knew that the sum he gave was indeed not enough, he asked after a pause, "How much do you want, then?"

"Take it or leave it—2 billion." Sonia put down her cup of tea after giving a number.

It wasn't just Titus, even Charles gaped at her right then.

Slapping the table, Titus complained, "2 billion, President Reed? That's daylight robbery!"

"I will admit my price is a little on the high side, but it's not that high. That's a plot of land in the city center. Its starting estimate is 1.5 billion or so, and the price is only going to skyrocket once its surroundings have been developed. When you take that into account, 2 billion isn't that much," she told him with a smile.

Furious, he let out a bitter laugh. "Who knows how long it would take for the land to be worth 2 billion? For you to offer me that price right now means you must have no wish to sell me the land at all."

She shook her head. "That's not true. As long as you give me that sum, I will have the deed transferred to you at once. You're only thinking like that because you don't wish to give me that much. If that's the case, I might as well keep it for myself and build a factory there."

"Well, I'd love to see how smoothly the construction process goes!" he snorted coldly.

Narrowing her eyes, she asked, "Are you threatening us, President Gray?"

Without answering, he turned and left.

As he watched Titus slam the door shut, Charles asked, "You're not thinking of playing a trick on him, are you, baby?"

"No." She continued to drink her tea calmly. "I'm being truthful. As long as he gives me that sum of money, I shall give him the plot of land. He can think what he wants, but I can't do anything about the fact that he can't afford it."

Spinning in a circle around her, he tutted, "In such a short amount of time, you've become such a fox in the market. 2 billion! Never mind Titus—even Toby wouldn't have that much working capital on his hands at a moment's notice."

"And that's why I shall have the land to myself," she summarized with a grin.

Abruptly, the cell phone on her desk rang. Putting down her teacup, she picked up the phone and looked at the caller ID before answering with a frown, "Good afternoon."

"We're very sorry, President Reed, but some issues have arisen with our engineering team, and we're not able to help you build your factory. It's best that you find someone else." With that, the person at the other end of the line hung up the phone, not even giving her the chance to speak.

"What's wrong, baby?" Charles questioned in concern upon seeing the expression on her face.

She opened her mouth, but before she could respond, the phone rang again. This time, it was a call from the machinery company. "Hello, is this Miss Reed?"

"Speaking," she answered hoarsely, tightening her grip around the phone. She could already guess what the other party was about to say.

"Here's the thing, Miss Reed. We recently received a large order from overseas at our machinery plant and no longer have the

means to assemble your machinery. We're so sorry and sincerely hope you accept our apologies." With that, the other person hung up so quickly that it was as if they were afraid she would tear them to shreds like a beast if they took too long.

"What on earth is the matter, baby?" Seeing her expression get uglier and uglier, he became anxious.

Slowly, she put down her phone and said with an ice-cold face, "Titus has messed with the engineering team and machinery company that we found to prevent us from building our factory."

"What?" Furious, he slammed his fist on the table. "That old dog is too shameless! I can't believe he would use such methods. This won't do—I must get into contact with some other companies."

"I'm afraid there's no use. Considering Titus really is determined to stop us, he would have gone to the other companies as well." She clenched her fists.

After a moment of silence, Charles said, "We still have to try no matter what." With that, he walked out onto the balcony to start making calls.

Tiredly, she rubbed the bridge of her nose and opened her social media to post about her feelings. The moment she published the post and was about to put down her cell phone, a notification flashed across the screen.

It was a message from the mysterious Z-H reading, 'What's wrong?'

It's him! For some reason, her heart skipped a beat, and an indescribable feeling arose when she saw who the message was from. However, she didn't overthink it, and only typed back after breathing in deeply, 'What do you mean, what's wrong?'

Z-H: 'Your post.'

Only then did she figure out that the other party must have sent the message after seeing her post. As her heart calmed, she replied with a slight smile, 'Are you concerned about me?'

At the other end of the line, Toby pursed his lips after reading the reply. In truth, he didn't know why he went to talk to her after reading her activity. By the time he came to his senses and realized what he was doing, he had already sent the message.

By then, it would only look more suspicious if he deleted the message. She would still see that he had sent her a deleted message and ask him what it was about, so he might as well just go with it. 'If you say so.'

'I'll take that as a yes, then,' she replied.

'Sure.'

'So, you want to know what happened?' she asked.

His eyes flashed. 'Not necessarily. You can always choose not to tell.'

'Nah. What's not to tell?' Despite not knowing why, she began to treat the other party as a listening ear and detailed her previous encounter with Titus to him in a voice message.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 65

After listening to the voice message, Toby frowned. It was the first time he felt repulsed by Titus' actions. It was somewhat despicable to use such a method to quash her just because he was unable to purchase the land.

All of a sudden, his phone vibrated. Pulling his thoughts back to the present, he lowered his head to look at the screen only to discover that it was another text message from Sonia. 'What do you think I should do?'

There was even the emoji of a little person sighing with their face cushioned against their palm at the end of the message. It was very cute. As he looked at the emoji, his mind inexplicably replaced it with the image of her face. Perhaps she was doing the very same thing at this moment.

Nonetheless, he quickly realized he was forming thoughts he shouldn't have and rearranged his expression back into a cold one. Whatever she looks like at the moment has nothing to do with me! How can I think about such things?

And so, he answered, 'I don't know.'

When she saw the reply, she felt somewhat lost.

Previously, it was his idea that helped her acquire Continental Co. For some reason, she was subconsciously treating him as a sounding board and hoped to get some help from him again. Only now did she realize it was the wrong mentality to have.

"I swear you're regressing, Sonia!" she muttered at herself, slapping her forehead before picking up her phone and typing, 'Sorry, I was just asking casually. Don't take it to heart. My friend and I will come up with our own ideas.'

Friend?

He narrowed his eyes. 'Boyfriend?'

Glancing at the balcony, she answered, 'Yes.'

Since Z-H was Zane's friend, she didn't find it a big deal for him to know that she had a boyfriend. However, what they didn't know was that Charles was her fake boyfriend.

At her admittance, he felt inexplicably vexed. After tugging at his tie, he typed, 'It's not that hard to build a factory. I have a solution!'

"Huh?" Astonished, she stood up. What's up with him? I thought he said he didn't know what to do. But now... Throwing aside those questions, she quickly asked in a voice message, "What's your solution?"

After hearing the trust and urgency in her voice, he loosened his tightly furrowed brows and the irritability in his heart lessened tremendously. With that, he typed, 'The government has plans to build a cultural museum in Seafield to exhibit world-famous heritage treasures, but they haven't been able to find a suitable

plot of land. You don't need such a large piece of land for a factory. You could give half of it to them.'

The mention tingled her senses. All of a sudden, she realized where he was going with this and started laughing. "You're right! If I give them half of the land rent-free for a few years, I would gain their favor and be able to apply for an engineering team from them. Then, I'd be able to build my factory!"

This meant the country was helping her build her factory and that Titus wouldn't be able to mess with her plans so easily. At the same time, she could ask for a recommendation for a machinery plant from them. She could kill two birds with one stone!

As the smile on her face grew, she chirruped happily, "Thank you! You've helped me once again!"

'You're welcome,' he replied.

After a moment of thought, she added, "By the way, we've chatted so many times, and yet I don't know your name or how to repay you."

Unfortunately, even after she sent the voice message, he did not reply. She figured he would no longer reply, and so she sighed and exited the chat interface.

Just then, Charles finished making his calls and came in from the balcony looking incensed. "You were right, baby. Titus is a sly old fox. He really went around and told all the engineering teams and machinery plants in Seafield not to do business with us. It didn't matter what I said; nothing worked. I'm so angry!"

Realizing that his voice was hoarse from making all those phone calls, she went and poured him a glass of honeyed water. "It's alright. I have a plan now."

"What's the plan?" he asked eagerly, taking the glass but being too impatient to drink.

And so, she detailed the plan to him. Instantly, he slapped his thigh. "What a great idea! How did you come up with it, baby?"

She shook her head. "I'm actually not the one who came up with it. It was a friend."

"A friend?" He looked at her suspiciously. "Was it the friend who gave you the idea to acquire Continental Co.?"

"That's right." She nodded.

Putting down his glass, he confronted her. "Tell me honestly—who is that person? What's your relationship with him? Why does he keep helping you?"

In the face of her good friend's interrogation, she lowered her eyes, not knowing how to answer. After all, even if what happened that night was an accident, she could not tell him. "Alright, stop asking so many questions. Drink your water, and when you're done, we can go to the government department," she said, changing the topic.

Since she didn't want to tell him, he didn't push her and only played along. "Alright, alright. Stop nagging."

After squabbling for a while, they finally left Paradigm Co.

Meanwhile, in a room at the club. As Zane finished singing, he noticed Toby sitting alone in a dark corner in the distance. Thus, he fetched two glasses of red wine over to the table.

"What's up with you? You've been on your phone ever since you set foot into the club. I invited you out to relax, not to work," he said as he handed one of the glasses of wine to Toby.

After receiving the wine and taking a sip, Toby answered, "I'm not working."

"What are you doing, then?" As Zane sat down and peered at Toby's phone, his jaws dropped in shock. "Isn't that your ex-wife? Are you chatting with your ex-wife?" He looked incredulously at Toby.

Mildly, Toby answered with an unchanging expression, "She doesn't know it's me."

“So, you’re hiding your identity to get close to her?” Zane’s expression grew stranger.

Tilting his head, Toby swept Zane a cold glance. “Of course not!”

“Then what—”

“Just drop it!” Toby interrupted impatiently, rubbing his temples. “You have an uncle working with the government, don’t you?”

“Yes, why?”

After taking a sip of wine, Toby said, “Sonia might apply for an engineering team from them. Have your uncle pave the way for her.”

Zane gave him an odd look. “So, you helped her with Rentoor, and now you’re helping her again. What are you up to? Don’t tell me you’re still hung up on her.”

Frowning, Toby answered coldly, “You’re overthinking it. I’m only doing this because Tina hurt her and I’m making reparations on Tina’s behalf.”

“Really?” Zane studied him inquisitively.

Unhappily, he pursed his lips. “Really. Why else would I be doing what I’m doing?”

“Thought you still had feelings for her,” Zane mumbled. After all, he had overheard Toby’s phone call from Titus and knew not only how Tina injured Sonia but the enormous compensation Toby had to make as a result.

Since compensations had been made, there was no need for Toby to make any more reparations to Sonia, and the fact that he was insisting on helping her meant she still held some kind of place in his heart. With Tina in the mix, Zane could foresee things getting worse in the future. Thinking of that, he laughed gleefully and put down his wine glass. “Alright. I’ll call my uncle.”

Toby hummed his acknowledgment before grabbing his coat and standing up from the couch. “I’m leaving.”

“But it’s still early!” Zane protested to his back.

Without stopping in his stride, Toby told Zane, “I’m taking Tina out to dinner.”

After hearing that, Zane no longer attempted to stop Toby and instead lifted his cell phone to his ear. “Hey, Uncle...”